

vival and sustenance of my people" and describes it as building the future on the past.

Tradition and legend will play a major part.

In a report on the proposal she says the primary objective is to provide an environment "where our past can be shared with the present and future generations so that they may recognise the important, relevant heritage that belongs to this land and the indigenous people, birds, animals, and trees in it".

"This land will be built for the survival and sustenance of the tribe. It will cater for the physical, mental, emotional, social, and cultural needs of members of the tribe and those who wish to share and accept on Maori terms.

"We are not interested in profit-making but realise such a scheme will attract the curious and the tourist so any financial gain will be a bonus".

The first step would be to establish a project employment or work skills programme, plant cash crops and trees, and building housing for those that return to the marae.

A marae would be built and food crops and animals would be established, she says.

Then educational and recreational facilities (like courts for basketball and volleyball and a gymnasium), a health clinic (for orphaned children, alcoholics, and drug addicts), and a "survival" school (teaching myths and legends, Maori language, astronomy, botany, horticulture, nature study, physical education, and arts) would be built.

And it's going to be a "fun place for the kids".

She wants to provide a leisure area for children and wants the community to be heralded by a huge, lighted depiction of legendary figure Maui fishing up New Zealand.

Modern technology would be used to generate knowledge and respect for Maori history and heritage, she says.

The development would be financed by returns from crop sales, monetary gifts from visitors, sales of souvenirs and books, and donations from tribal members.

At the bottom of the report she says: "These are some thoughts and I know, united, we can do it".

Lands minister Jonathan Elworthy has assured Mrs Rickard the land will be available to the tribe by the end of this year. Work to develop it will begin next year, she says.

"You know, I woke up one day and thought 'Well, 1983, this is going to be Eva's year!'

"And it has been."

**Eva Rickard — sat down and cried when the return of the Raglan golf course was assured. Photo Bill McNicol.**

# The first farewell

**Tribe:** Ngati Pāoa sub tribe of Waikato  
**Parents:** both alive and living in Otautahi

**Education:** Tokoroa High. Adult student at Aorere Coll.

**Age:** old, too old, pea  
**Children:** 2, 1 of each.

## G. King-Tamehana

...the fire burns, the flame glows, I am warmed by it. The flame begins to flicker, the flame begins to waver, the flame grows smaller....

...the flame will never go out.

...the fire burns....

Driving south along Puriri Road, you can't help but see it. It's there. The farm where my nanny used to live. There used to be an old house too, an old yellow house, but some people pulled it down. All that's left now are some old fruit trees. The big karaka tree that the tyre swing hung from is still there too. That's where she used to live, and I lived with her. I remember the summers. Eating watermelon till we almost burst and picking blackberries till dark, lying in the long grass looking up at skylarks playing in the sky. These memories, my childhood years, seem foreign to me now, but sometimes, I wish... I wish, I could return to that place, that time, and live once again in the warm of my Nanny's farm.

...the fire burns, the flame glows....

I don't remember her face.

Sometimes I shut my eyes tight and try to picture her but I can't.

I remember things about her though. Like her sitting on the upturned bucket by the water-tank, with my 'bloomers' on her head. Nanny had an outside toilet and everytime I went, that's how she waited for me.

She always wore black skirts. At home she wore them inside out, when we went visiting or to town, she would turn her skirt the right way around to show the clean side.

Nanny collected a 'pension'. I didn't know what a 'pension' was then, but a day before it was due, Nanny could always be seen lifting up the lino, searching for butts, which she'd take apart and re-roll. She refused to smoke what my city aunts called 'tailormades' and preferred tobacco (which came in a green and blue box) from which she'd roll thick 'smokes'. I remember her patience, her kindness, and I remember loving her.

...the fire burns, the flame glows, I am warmed by it....

We must have looked a pair my nanny and me as we waited for the bus. Her in her black skirt (turned the right way around) and slippers; and me in my frilly blue town dress, (which also served for weddings, birthdays and other special occasions) lacy white socks and black patent leather shoes. I used to think I looked neat.

When we arrived in town, Nanny would go into a building and come out again a few minutes later. Sometimes we'd see some of her friends. She always stopped to talk to them. They always spoke Maori. I used to squeeze her hand for her to hurry up. She'd say something to her friends and by the way they looked at me, I got the feeling that it was me she was talking about, they'd all laugh and hand in hand Nanny and I would move on.

...the fire burns, the flame glows, and I am warmed by it. The flame begins to flicker....

I always slept with her. Even when my cousins came to stay, I wouldn't let them sleep with us. It was our bed, Nanny's and mine. They had to sleep on a mattress in the sitting room. Our bed was warm and soft. I'd snuggle up to Nanny at night and tell her that she was my Nanny and I'd never, never leave her.